
Title: A Parting of Ways

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Farewell my friends,
Kin of another Land.
Fare Thee Well,
Fare Thee Well.

May we once again
Meet in these fair
meadows, and
mountains tall.

Once more to walk
Britannia's streets,
and to Dally in Yew
Deep Forest,
Fare Thee Well,
Fare Thee Well.
"Parting is such
sweet sorrow", a better
bard than I once writ.
Its truth now I
know.
For I leave my home
in good hands, this
guild, pure and true.
Think of me, of
occasion, as I walk
another path, for I
shall think of thee
every step or two.

My lute may lay
still, my harp
unpluck'd yew thier
notes shall yet ring
out, til' the Guardians
are no more/

Now, I must with
haste depart, with
neary a glace behind,
for time is short, and
I have miles to go.

May we meet again,
on this bless'd Isle,
May our roads cross
once more.
May you walk in

peace, thy Gods keep
thee well.

Fare Thee Well,
My Friends,
Good and True,
Fare Thee Well,
Fare Thee Well.
Writ with love,
On this day,
The Twentyth and
Three, of the Tenth.
In this Year of Two
Thousand and One.
Yours Eternally,

Ubertino Kalon,
Master Bard